

Good Morning 554

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Family has gone Nautical L.S. FRED HESELTINE

WE certainly found it easy to obtain the latest news from your home, Leading Seaman Fred Heseltine, when we called on your wife at 178 Byker Street, Newcastle.

Before we got in the door, your 13-year-old sister-in-law, Jean, had started to tell us the story of your life, and judging by the amount she knew of your courtship days, we guess she must have done a fair bit of intelligence work while you and Betty were getting to know each other! Everyone at home was looking bright and cheery and were unanimous in wishing you a bright and successful New Year. Mrs. Heseltine, you will be pleased to hear, was looking fine, and was cooking a very appetising dinner when we arrived, so, you see, there is nothing to worry about.

The folk at Walker all seem to be under the impression that you are the sort of chap that "gets around." They haven't quite got over your whirlwind marriage yet, and still talk of how you courted and married your landlady's young neighbour all in the space of a few weeks.

Although your stay at Byker Street was so short, it seems to have made the whole family thoroughly nautical-minded. John is enjoying life in the Navy, and is now on an aircraft carrier, and your other brother-in-law is just waiting his chance to follow in his footsteps.

While we were at No. 178, Mrs. Wilkinson, your ex-landlady, popped in to see the family, and sent her love. She still remembers you as a bit of a live wire.

So—and sew—
your wife and
niece, L/S. Fred
Heseltine.



Here they are, as they came to the Investiture.

THE SKIPPER SMILED BUT WOULDN'T TALK

RON RICHARDS tells how men of "Ultor" went to the Palace and what happened after

LEUT. GEORGE HUNT, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., took his crew to the Palace and everyone asked him to talk.

But the commander of His Majesty's Submarine "Ultor" was shy of the battery of Pressmen at the gates, and told them the story had already appeared.

Wednesday's morning and evening papers carried five and six-column pictures of the crew, with extracts from the official story, released two months prior to the investiture. With friends and relations the crew had refreshments at the Overseas Club, St. James's, and the party broke up.

A.B. Smudge Smith, D.S.M., and L.S. James Morrill, D.S.M., came to Fleet Street. They were amused, I think, at the untidiness of "Good Morning's" editorial department, but they liked the pin-ups.

We moved over the road to the "Falcon," in Fetter Lane, for a beer or two, and our guests met Moira and Gabriel, two very promising Wrens.

Shorty Wilson took scores of photographs, and we would have used more had it not been for the fact that on nearly every negative the faces are blotted out by dirty big pint mugs. However, it's possible some folks prefer beer to pictures.

When Buck Ryan, author Jack Monk, appeared with his wife, Smudge was giving an hilarious description of his coxswain's (C.P.O. Roy Claxton, D.S.M.) performance at Buck House. Mrs. Monk is insisting that Jack works it into his strip somehow. Jock Mowitt can tell a tale about that ceremony, too.

Smudge got around to talking about his daughter. Sandra must be quite a gal—she is seven, but she knows her father pretty well. When he's expected home, she says, "Mummy, Daddy will be here soon, you'd better get some beer in."

The conversation got around to "Ultor." I gather from snatches of conversation that

the most popular patrol pastime was exchanging electric shocks. And who was the Allied officer who cooked all night?

The word that "Good Morning" was entertaining some

A.P.O. Cornelius Coakley; S.P.O. Arthur Dennis Round; Acting Leading Seaman Bernard Brammer; Acting Leading Stoker Rhyeas Vincent Moore and Able Seaman John Smith.

MENTION IN DESPATCHES.

Acting Temp. Lieut. James Percival Bowker Cooper, R.N.V.R.; Temp. Lieut. Harry Straw, R.N.V.R.; P.O. Alfred Lawrence, D.S.M.; P.O. Tel. Arnold Abraham; P.O. Tel. Leo



Jack Monk, L.S. James Morrill, D.S.M., and A.B. Smith, D.S.M., at "Number Ten," having one or two, or three.

Be careful where you sit—there's Gold about

A SCOT whose hobby has been prospecting for gold in the Yarrow district of Selkirkshire, where tradition has it that there was an ancient gold mine, recently reported that he had discovered the lost mine.

He traced it through studying the insect life of streams, which, of course, is affected by corrosive substances in solution. He gave the assay at 2.4 dwts. of gold per long ton, and 0.36 ounces of silver.

The gold is found in the sands of the small streams as well as in the reefs, the extent of the latter, of course, being as yet quite unknown.

The high price of gold may after the war encourage search in Britain for other sources of gold. The seekers, judging by past history, are not likely to make their fortunes, but there is an adventure about gold-seeking which seems to attract even when the prospects are limited. The number of places in Britain where gold has been found in quite appreciable amounts is surprising.

In Scotland, the search has always been associated with lead-mining. In the 16th century the industry was considerable. James V encouraged foreigners to seek the precious metal, and in five years they picked up nuggets valued at £100,000.

In the Leadhills a little

later, Bevis Bulmer, an English adventurer, washed £100,000 worth of gold from the rivers and gullies in three years.

In those days that was a considerable fortune, but, as with many gold-seekers in later years, it was a question of easy come and easy go, and he spent the lot very quickly.

Later on, when the King of Scotland became the first king of the United Kingdom, Bulmer tried again, this time with a company and large-scale mining. He had no luck. But there are many who believe that there is gold at the point where Bulmer worked that could be profitably extracted by modern methods.

Gold has been mined in Wales since the earliest times. It was mined at what is now Pumpsaint, in South Wales, by the Ancient Britons, and by the Romans after them.

Curiously enough, this mine was then left alone until about 60 years ago. Since then there has been more or less systematic mining.

Just before the war, a company, which had leased 3,500 acres and had nearly 200 employees, was doing quite well, getting gold from shafts driven to 260, 360 and 460 feet. About half the gold obtained was free, showing as tiny yellow specks in the crushed ore.

Welsh gold has provided

many wedding rings for royalty in recent years. Queen Mary's, Queen Elizabeth's, the Princess Royal's and the Duchess of Kent's wedding rings were all made of British gold.

A considerable amount of Welsh gold obtained from a mine in the mountains inland from Barmouth provided the regalia used by the Prince of Wales at his investiture at Caernarvon Castle in 1911. The mine, long known as the Gwynfnydd, was rechristened the Prince Edward in honour of the occasion. All along about 25 miles of these mountains there are shafts, mostly disused.

A few years ago a geologist, wandering in the mountains, sat down to eat his sandwiches. Casually he picked up a handful of quartz from a surface outcrop. As he did so he pulled away a nugget of gold. It was assayed and found to be worth £40—its value would be double now.

Gold has been "panned" in the streams of Devon and Cornwall, but there seems to have been no attempt at systematic mining in recent years. Occasionally Cornish tin miners have made a lucky find. Gold has also been found in the Peak District of Derbyshire, but here, as in so many other places in Britain, the formations do not seem to have been such as encouraged the great capital required for large-scale mining.

In 1935, when an analyst reported three ounces of gold to the ton from five places near Matlock, there was great excitement. But it seems to have been a flash in the pan.

Again, in 1936, a farmer near Swindon, when sinking an artesian well, was struck by the quartz obtained at one point and sent it to an analyst. The report was that it was gold-bearing. But presumably the geologists' reports were not favourable, for no mining activities have been reported.

Mining in Britain, in fact, is likely to be discouraging, but anyone with a little knowledge and a spirit of adventure might spend an interesting and profitable holiday trying to find nuggets in likely areas.

These include Kildonan, in Scotland, where there was a considerable "gold rush" before the last war, when a miner returned from the Ballarat fields in Australia was astonished to find nuggets worth £20 just outside the doorstep of his cottage!

About seventy years ago it was not uncommon for small nuggets to be picked up in Sutherlandshire.

Ireland has yielded some very big nuggets. The Dublin Museum contains a model of one found at Wicklow 150 years ago and weighing 22 ounces.

Syd Kellaway

newly-made D.S.M.s preceded us and pints greeted us at the "Kings and Keyes" and the "Three Tuns."

We took Jack to Islington, and Smudge—yes, where did Smudge go? I don't know. I slept on the office desk.

WITH pleasure, plus compliments to all concerned, I quote the London Gazette:

For undaunted courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarines "Unsparing" and "Unruly":

D.S.O.
Lieut. Aston Dalzell Piper, D.S.C., R.N.R.

D.S.C.
Lieut. Richard Hewson Ake-royd, R.N.; Lieut. Stanley William Claydon, R.N., and Lieut. John Paton Fyfe, R.N. Bar to D.S.M.

Acting C.P.O. Arthur Poulter, D.S.M.

D.S.M.
A.C.P.O. Sidney Eustace Travers; C.E.R.A. Charles Gaskin; C.E.R.A. William Gibb Kilpatrick; E.R.A. Reginald Eric Fowkes; P.O. John Lees Cameron; P.O. Harry James Lerner;

THERE surely must have been some association of ideas in the minds of the gong disher-outs who listed the above awards. Note the names in the "Mentions"—Cooper, Straw, Ironmonger, Carter and Saddler.

Ron Richards

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Death was Lottery Prize

MAHONEY was the only man if it were the fatal one. Sullivan, who spoke in favour of the boys, held up another stick, declaring that it was the fair thing for all to share alike. Sullivan and the captain insisted on the drawing of lots being confined to the boys. There were high words, in the midst of which Sullivan turned upon O'Brien, snarling—

"'Twould be a good deed to put you out of the way. You deserve it. 'Twould be the right way to serve you, and serve you we will."

He started towards O'Brien, with intent to lay hands on him and proceed at once with the killing, while several others likewise shuffled towards him and reached for him. He stumbled backwards to escape them, at the same time crying that he would submit to the drawing of the lots among the boys.

The captain prepared four sticks of different lengths and handed them to Sullivan.

"You're thinkin' the drawin'll not be fair," the latter sneered to O'Brien. "So it's yerself'll do the drawin'."

To this O'Brien agreed. A handkerchief was tied over his eyes, blindfolding him, and he knelt down on the deck with his back to Sullivan.

"Whoever you name for the shortest stick'll die," the captain said.

Sullivan held up one of the sticks. The rest were concealed in his hand so that no one could see whether it was the short stick or not.

"An' whose stick will it be?" Sullivan demanded.

"For little Johnny Sheehan," O'Brien answered.

Sullivan laid the stick aside. Those who looked could not tell

self? The stick was yours, O'Brien, an' ye may as well get ready. Where's the cook? Gorman, come here. Fetch the tureen cover, some of ye. Gorman, do your duty like a man."

"But how'll I do it?" the cook demanded. He was a weak-eyed, weak-chinned, indecisive man.

"'Tis a damned murder!" O'Brien cried out.

"I'll have none of ut," Mahoney announced. "Not a bite shall pass me lips."

"Then 'tis yer share for better men than yerself," Sullivan sneered. "Go on with yer duty, cook."

"'Tis not me duty, the killin' of b'ys," Gorman protested irresolutely.

"If yez don't make mate for us, we'll be makin' mate of yerself," Behane threatened. "Somebody must die, an' as well you as another."

Johnny Sheehan began to cry. O'Brien listened anxiously. His face was pale. His lips trembled, and at times his whole body shook.

"I signed on as cook," Gorman announced. "An' cook I wud if galley there was. But I'll not lay me hand to murder. 'Tis not in the articles. I'm the cook—"

"An' cook ye'll be for wan minute more only," Sullivan said grimly, at the same moment gripping the cook's head from behind and bending it back till the windpipe and jugular were

stretched taut. "Where's yer knife, Mike? Pass it along."

At the touch of the steel, Gorman whimpered.

"I'll do ut, if yez'll hold the b'y."

The pitiable condition of the cook seemed in some fashion to nerve up O'Brien.

"It's all right, Gorman," he said. "Go on with ut. 'Tis meself knows yer not wantin' to do ut. It's all

flesh'll do none iv yez anny good. Mark me words. Ye'll not profit by it, none iv yez."

"Get ready," the captain ordered. "You, Sullivan, hold the cover—that's it—close up. Spill nothing. It's precious stuff."

Gorman made an effort. The knife was dull. He was weak. Besides, his hand was shaking so violently that he nearly dropped the knife. The three boys were crouched apart, in a huddle, crying and sobbing. With the exception of Mahoney, the men were gathered elbow, 'tis nearer the heart," the about the victim, craning their necks to see.

"Be a man, Gorman," the captain cautioned.

The wretched cook was seized with a spasm of resolution, sawing back and forth with the blade on O'Brien's wrist. The veins were severed. Sullivan held the tureen cover close underneath. The cut veins gaped wide, but no ruddy flood gushed forth. There

was no blood at all. The veins were dry and empty. No one spoke. The grim and silent figures swayed in unison with each heave of the ship. Every eye was turned fixedly upon that inconceivable and monstrous thing, the dry veins of a creature that was alive.

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Quite coolly he cut the vein at the left elbow, but, like the cook, he failed to bring blood.

"This is all iv no use," Sullivan (Continued on Page 3)

Concluding JACK LONDON'S Drama of the "FRANCIS SPAIGHT"

"Tis for yourself ye've drawn announced. "Not a bite shall pass me lips."

"A good deed," several of the men muttered.

O'Brien was very quiet. He arose to his feet, took the bandage off, and looked around.

"Where is ut?" he demanded. "The short stick? The wan for me?"

The captain pointed to the four sticks lying on the deck.

"How do you know the stick was mine?" O'Brien questioned.

"Did you see ut, Johnny Sheehan?"

Johnny Sheehan, who was the youngest of the boys, did not answer.

"Did you see ut?" O'Brien next asked Mahoney.

"No, I didn't see ut."

The men were muttering and growling.

"'Twas a fair drawin'," Sullivan said. "Ye had yer chance an' ye lost, that's all iv ut."

"A fair drawin'," the captain added. "Didn't I behold it my-

self? The stick was yours, O'Brien, an' ye may as well get ready. Where's the cook? Gorman, come here. Fetch the tureen cover, some of ye. Gorman, do your duty like a man."

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"Give me the knife," O'Brien said roughly, taking it out of the cook's hand. "I can't be lookin' at ye puttin' me to hurt."

Quite coolly he cut the vein at the left elbow, but, like the cook, he failed to bring blood.

"This is all iv no use," Sullivan (Continued on Page 3)

The wretched cook was seized with a spasm of resolution, sawing back and forth with the blade on O'Brien's wrist. The veins were severed. Sullivan held the tureen cover close underneath. The cut veins gaped wide, but no ruddy flood gushed forth. There

was no blood at all. The veins were dry and empty. No one spoke. The grim and silent figures swayed in unison with each heave of the ship. Every eye was turned fixedly upon that inconceivable and monstrous thing, the dry veins of a creature that was alive.

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WANGLING WORDS-493

1. Insert consonants in *A*A*Y and *E**U*A and get two groups of islands.
2. Here are two craftsmen whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
- REANT — RENVLT.
3. If "propriety" is the "prop" of good manners, what is the prop of (a) Scale, (b) Production?

Answers to Wangling Words No. 492

1. OREGON, NEVADA.
2. PLUMBER—BLACKSMITH.
3. (a) Party, (b) Impart.
4. Ed-na, Pa-me-La,

JANE



THE "FRANCIS SPAIGHT"

(Continued from Page 2)

said. "Tis better to put him out iv his misery by bleedin' him at the throat."

The strain had been too much for the lad.

"Don't be doin' ut," he cried. "There'll be no blood in me throat. Give me a little time. 'Tis cold an' weak I am. Be lettin' me lay down an' slape a bit. Then I'll be warm an' the blood'll flow."

"'Tis no use," Sullivan objected. "As if ye cud be slapin' at a time like this. Ye'll not slape, and ye'll not warm up. Look at ye now. You're an ague."

"I was sick at Limerick wan night," O'Brien hurried on, "an' the dochtor cudn't bleed me. But after slapin' a few hours an' gettin' warm in bed the blood came freely. It's God's truth I'm tellin' yez. Don't be murderin' me!"

"His veins are open now," the captain said. "'Tis no use leavin' him in his pain. Do it now an' be done with it."

They started to reach for own hands," Behane shouted. O'Brien, but he backed away.

"I'll be the death iv yez!" he screamed. "Take yer hands off iv me, Sullivan! I'll come back! I'll haunt yez! Wakin' or slapin', I'll haunt yez till you die!"

"'Tis disgraceful!" yelled Behane. "If the short stick'd ben mine, I'd a-let me mates cut the head off iv me an' died happy."

Sullivan leaped in and caught the unhappy lad by the hair. The rest of the men followed. O'Brien kicked and struggled, snarling and like this. Ye'll not slape, and ye'll snapping at the hands that clutched him from every side. Little Johnny Sheehan broke out into wild screaming, but the men took no notice of him. O'Brien was bent backward to the deck, the tureen cover under his neck. Gorman was shoved forward. Some one had thrust a large sheath-knife into his hand.

"Do yer duty! Do yer duty!" the men cried. The cook bent over, but he caught the boy's eyes and faltered. "If ye don't, I'll kill ye with me hand."

From every side a torrent of Mahoney said quietly. "Lave ut,

abuse and threats poured in upon the cook. Still h, hung back.

"Maybe there'll be more blood in his veins than O'Brien's," Sullivan suggested significantly.

Behane caught Gorman by the hair and twisted his head back, while Sullivan attempted to take possession of the sheath-knife. But Gorman clung to it desperately.

"Lave go, an' I'll do ut!" he screamed frantically. "Don't be cuttin' me throat, I'll do the deed! I'll do the deed!"

"See that you do it, then," the captain threatened him.

Gorman allowed himself to be shoved forward. He looked at the boy, closed his eyes, and muttered a prayer. Then, without opening his eyes, he did the deed that had been appointed him. O'Brien emitted a shriek that sank swiftly to a gurgling sob. The man held him till his struggles ceased, when he was laid upon the deck. They were eager and impatient, and with oaths and threats they urged Gorman to hurry with the preparation of the meal.

"Lave ut, you bloody butchers,"

I tell yez. Ye'll not be needin' anny iv ut now. 'Tis as I said: ye'll not be profitin' by the lad's blood. Empty ut overside, Behane. Empty ut overside."

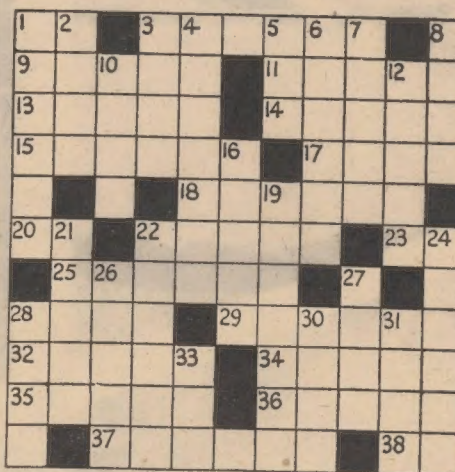
Behane, still holding the tureen cover in both his hands, glanced to windward. He walked to the rail and threw the cover and contents into the sea. A full-rigged ship was bearing down upon them a short mile away. So occupied had they been with the deed just committed, that none had had eyes for a look-out. All hands watched her coming on—the brightly coppered forefoot parting the water like a golden knife, the head sails flapping lazily and emptily at each downward surge, and the towering canvas tiers dipping and curtying with each stately swing of the sea. No man spoke.

As she hove to, a cable length away, the captain of the "Francis Spaight" bestirred himself and ordered a tarpaulin to be thrown over O'Brien's corpse. A boat was lowered from the stranger's side and began to pull towards them. John Gorman laughed. He laughed softly at first, but he accompanied each stroke of the oars with spasmodically increasing glee. It was this maniacal laughter that greeted the rescue boat as it hauled alongside and the first officer clambered on board.

THE END

Office Boy (to male cashier): "I say, the boss must be fond of you. He's got a whopping big photo of you in his desk!"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

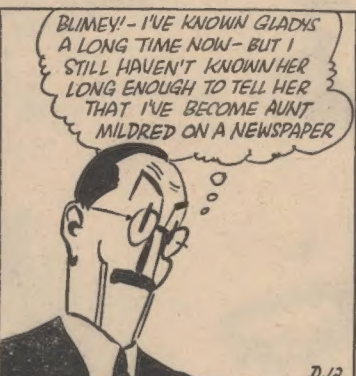
- 1 Small company.
- 3 Condiment.
- 9 Bank book.
- 11 Elsewhere.
- 13 Relation.
- 14 Vacillate.
- 15 Velled.
- 17 Highest point.
- 18 Visitors.
- 20 Behold.
- 22 Stupid.
- 23 Towards.
- 25 Plumes.
- 28 Lean over.
- 29 Go.
- 32 Of a town.
- 34 New.
- 35 Quickly fried.
- 36 Davit.
- 37 Ottoman.
- 38 Doctor.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Delete.
- 2 Mixed dish.
- 3 Purple-brown.
- 4 Came into view.
- 5 Strike with hoof.
- 6 Go by.
- 7 Fix.
- 8 Church.
- 10 Company.
- 12 Animal.
- 16 Harmonised.
- 19 Perfume.
- 21 Musical show.
- 22 Expand.
- 24 Stableman.
- 26 Puzzle.
- 27 East Indies island.
- 28 Seed covering.
- 30 Be intent.
- 31 Tear.
- 33 Snare.

ACCEPT DUBS
WRY ERMINE
LACKEY GALL
SLIP SEPIA
WHET FOSTER
H CLOUT K
ANTHER IMPS
LURED POOL
ERIN RENTED
SPECIE TAR
DEER BROODY

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Argue This Out

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE aim of local government must always be kept in mind; government of the people, for the people, by the people. The last is often forgotten. Small units of government are more democratic than large; they are nearer to the people. . . . All large units of government must leave too much in the way of decisions to officials.

Coun. Hughes, Mayor of Marlborough.

USE YOUR PARSON.

I WANT to put in a plea that people make more use of the parson—especially those parsons who could be classified as "pastoral psychiatrists." After a few years in the ministry a man has heard many secrets and gathered no small store of experience. . . . If your need is complex and requires the aid of a professional psychologist, he will know where to send you. The chances are that he can reach your need himself. A man can be a poor preacher, but a very wise personal guide.

Rev. Dr. W. E. Sangster.



Good Morning

The future "Wolf of Lombard Street," the man the bankers fear, takes a tub in his luxuriously appointed suite.



THE EMERALD ISLE. The old "Lily-White Firm" carries on its business of dobeys among the boulders of a mountain stream in Connemara. The locals are only too pleased to sling along their "dirties."



A BLACK BRAIN BENEATH BLONDE CURLS. Did you see Barbara Stanwyck as the double murderess in Paramount's "Double Indemnity"? There may be death in the touch of those bee-stung lips — but, speaking for ourselves, we would be inclined to risk it. Who wants to go on living for ever, anyway!

★ WHERE THEY ARE NOW ★



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Good old Harry. Ride 'em, boy!"

Did you recognise him? It's Harry Wragg, champion jockey in 1941, now a gunner in an Ack-ack battery. Harry's just as expert in bringing down the bombers as in riding winners.